

TWZ - Stranger Things EP - Lonely Girl At A Party by orphan_account

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Summary:

Mike is pressured into going to a party. He's doing it for Lucas.

1. Submitted For Your Approval

Author's Note:

I've been watching original Twilight Zone's. Thought I would try something different.

Youtube for his iconic voice. Bonus if you can find where he actually uses the Chapter 1 title in one of his intros :)

There is not enough TWZ in this for it to be a crossover.

This is only going to be a short 2 chapters.

[Rod Seriling's voice]

"Submitted for your approval. A boy so lonely and bored he's willing to do almost anything just to have something different happen to him.

A girl with so horrible a past has she believes she will never have friends, let alone a soulmate who will love her beyond imagination.. She has given into peer pressure.

Not only is she the loneliest girl at the party... she is about to meet the loneliest boy at that very same party.

I give to you two lonely souls finding each other at a party... , one that

neither one wants to be at, but one that will change their lives forever... as they enter...

The Twilight Zone

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“What have you got to lose?”

That's literally what Lucas said to me. And I didn't have any answer. Well... I did but the answer was 'nothing'. I had nothing to lose. I was bored. Absolutely nothing was happening in my life. I was good at school... well... at least I didn't have to work at it. I had friends, we got along well and played a standing invite to Dungeons and Dragons every Friday night.

Let's backtrack a bit.

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I think it was for her birthday. My older sister NANCY got a diary. One of those lock kind that anybody who knew what a paperclip was could get into it.

I never did. I mean... I could have... but I didn't. Privacy actually meant a lot to me.

But... I didn't want my sister having something that I didn't. One of those little brother things I guess. So my mom bought me a little hardcover

notebook. I used that as a diary. Or as us He-Men calling them a 'journal'

I find it very cathartic writing in it. And once I had that feeling, I knew I had to hide the journal I was clever about it. No. Mouthbreather. I'm not going to tell you how or where I hid it. Give your head a shake.

What I didn't want to do was write how lonely I was in it. I mean I am, but geez, anybody reading this... especially my mom... you know... if she found it... gah... I think I would just die of embarrassment.

So this is how the change of events happened... at least to me... but it makes sense.

My older sister's boyfriend, a guy named Steve Harrington wanted to throw a party. He knew he couldn't do it without being... let's call it 'safe'.

So he had this idea that he would have the older teens upstairs, and the brothers and sisters of those would be in the basement.

I didn't know any of this until Lucas explained it to me. To tell you the truth, I'm not sure how he knew all the various details. It doesn't really make any difference because I wasn't really interested anyway. It's not like I was going to be able to drink the punch... or whatever the drink was going to be.

Ha. It's not like I was going there with a girl. I mean... I laugh now... I had no girlfriend... nobody who even looked at me sideways... uh... what's the best way to put this. I was never ever going to get a girlfriend before the slow heat death of the universe.

Yup. That about puts it into perspective.

Lucas wanted to go because the girl he had the hots for was Max Mayfield. Her brother, apparently a chick magnet all to himself agreed to go... Billy equals more chicks at a party. I kind of felt sorry for my sister, because Steve was her boyfriend. He was kind of a douchebag but you can't tell your sister that kind of shit.

At. All.

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Have you ever had to go to an event that you didn't want to be at? Not just a 'no thanks, I'll stay home and read comics', but a 'Your great Aunt Alicia died, she loved you so much' kind of event? You know... according to your mom?

That's what Lucas made it feel like. He really liked Max and he wanted to be wherever she was going. So Lucas had to go. So Dustin had to go.

So I had to go.

Shit.

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We didn't even get to go in the front door, but a door to the basement. Someone had made a half-assed attempt to make it look like a party was going on. Low lighting, bad music, the whole deal.

I was there for Lucas. Nobody else. I was just going to find a dark corner and disappear for a few hours. It's not like anybody was going to ask me to dance.

I found the perfect spot. It was a dark corner, behind some curtains. The curtains were dark and must have been there to hide boxes used for storage.

It wasn't until I settled in that I heard more noise of other people coming in. The party was starting.

I heard breathing.

It might have been crying, I wasn't sure.

"Are you ok?"

"Yes." It was a girl's voice.

A hand reached out, found the edge of the curtain and pulled it aside just enough so I could see her face.

Her eyes.

I would never see anything that pretty ever again. They were sad so I think she actually may have been crying. She had curly hair that framed her face, cute button nose, her lips were full, her mouth seemed a little sad too.

"Um... you are really pretty why aren't you out there with your boyfriend?"

"For the same reason you aren't out there with your girlfriend."

"Ouch. Point taken." *I couldn't keep the sadness out of my own voice this time.*

"I didn't mean to make you feel bad..."

"It's ok. I just assume a pretty girl would already... have a boyfriend. Um. My name is Mike."

"I'm El... you think I'm pretty?"

"Yeah... pretty... really pretty."

"Thank you... do you want to kiss me?"

Ok, I can say that I wasn't expecting her to say that. Was she testing me? I mean... I'm sure that's not a normal part of a conversation for two people who don't know each other.

That was the paranoid part of me thinking.

My mind was racing... would I be any good? Too sloppy? Too dry? Argh! What about my breath? Of course I wanted to kiss her!

So I did.

I heard her sigh. It was a pleasant sigh... “You have soft lips.” She said.

“So do you. You know... I didn’t even want to come to this party. My best friend Lucas pressured me into it. A girl he really likes, Max, was going to be here. Now I’m glad I did.”

I heard a giggle. “Max is my best friend. She wanted to be here because your friend Lucas was going to be. I’m glad I did too. Do you want to kiss some more? Longer? You can use your tongue... I want to.”

I had just opened my mouth to say ‘yes’ and felt her open mouth up against mine.

Ok, I hate to even write this down in case someone else reads it, but... we French kissed. I mean... I thought you had to be practically married before you could do that.

I didn’t care. I was thirteen years old French kissing a pretty girl... and even though those are good bragging rights... I didn’t want to tell anybody.

We kissed all night.

Finally someone broke up the party, I’m guessing Mr. or Mrs. Harrington. We shuffled out with all the other people in the basement.

We held hands on the way out... giving each other little squeezes instead of looking at each other.

I think I have a girlfriend!

I think I’m in love with her.

And the scariest thing I can think of?

I have let her know!

2. Let Them Love

“Mike! Someone here to see you... go on down honey...”

I heard the soft footsteps down the stairs. I knew it was El. My heart started thumping... I couldn't hear anything else. Not even her “Hello?”

She was wearing a light blue dress, maybe she had a touch of makeup on? Her hair was kind of tucked behind her ears...

Ok... this is going to sound really flakey if you are reading it, but... look up the word ‘pretty’ in any dictionary... you get something like “attractive in a delicate way” as the first meaning.

Ok. I get that. Now, it's my opinion only of course, but you can get someone so pretty. That, the word ‘beautiful’ no longer has any real meaning. That kind of pretty overrides anything else.

Supermodels? Hose off their face with a firehose full blast. You'll see what ‘beautiful’ turns into.

The girl who said “hello” to me... and the one I had kissed for hours the previous night...

There are no words. I knew I had to tell her tonight.

I stood up. We fell into each other's arms and hugged.

She felt it too. That's all that really mattered to me.

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I asked her if she wanted to watch TV. She shook her head. "I want to kiss. My dad is picking me up at nine o'clock. That gives us two hours. I won't want to waste it."

So we kissed. For something like two straight hours. Yes, French kissing. But we would stop every now and then and just look into each other's eyes, and maybe have a few pecks. Until we couldn't stand it anymore and went back to it.

At some point I must have been crying. El pulled back and said. "Is everything ok? I can taste your tears."

"Sorry El. I have this girl I'm kissing who happens to be really pretty and I love her but I can't figure out how to say it."

She smiled at me.

"You just did sweetie... I love you too."

I heard the doorbell. Mom must have answered it. There was quiet talking up there.

El looked at me wide eyed. I shrugged.

I heard heavy footsteps coming down the stairs. It was Chief Hopper followed by my mom.

"Dad?"

"Hey kid. You are camping this week in the Wheeler's basement. Here's what you need." He handed El what looked like a badly stuffed overnight bag.

"Karen... ah, Mrs. Wheeler has been told what you need. Don't go crazy on the waffles, and eat your peas... if she serves them. We clear?"

El nodded, a very large pretty smile on her face.

"I'll tell you about my trip when I get home... no... you can't come with me. Something tells me you'll be happier here anyway." *He gave a quick glance to me, tipped his hat to my mom, and walked back up the stairs. More low talking we couldn't make out. My mom came back down the stairs.*

"Mike. El doesn't like to be left alone, so you can be in your sleeping bag down here. Her... girl things are in the bag, but no sleep clothes... you can borrow some of Mike's honey. I have a nightlight for the bathroom, and an extra blanket so you two don't get cold. Get your sleeping bags ready, but you can stay up to watch TV as long as you want."

And then she left.

"Hey, we can watch TV in our sleeping bags!" El nodded enthusiastically.

"I'm sure mom won't be back down till she calls us for breakfast... so kissing until we fall asleep."

The prettiest girl in the world... it was her eyes... they smiled at me.

I got foam bed toppers out of the downstairs closet. The floor was too hard to sleep on all night just in a sleeping bag. I put the sleeping bags on top, and arranged the extra wool blanket while El changed into a pair of my pajamas!

She got in, wiggled around a bit, then frowned. "This isn't going to be warm enough."

My brain kicked in with an idea. I unzipped both sleeping bags, and zipped them together. Most people don't know that can be done.

"That just made one big sleeping bag Mike."

"Big enough for two people..."

She looked at me and smiled. Then nodded.

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“I’m still cold.”

“Come over here.” *She turned around and lay her head on my chest and I put my arms around her.*

“Mmm, that’s better.”

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That’s how mom found us the next morning. I was only half awake, but she just smiled and went back up stairs.

[Rod Serling’s voice]

“And there you have it. Two lonely people who found each other at a party neither wanted to be at. Their parents... willing to let them love.

Soulmates finding each other is quite commonplace in The Twilight Zone...

...but it can happen in the world that you and I are required to live in...